The Liberalist

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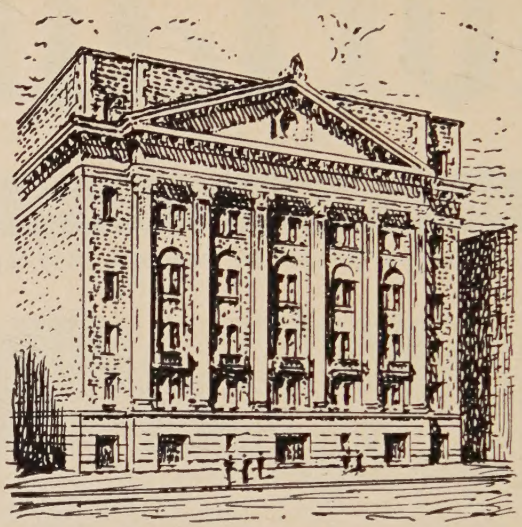
PEACE BE WITH YOU

I pray the prayer the Easterners do,
May the peace of Allah abide with you;
Wherever you stay, wherever you go,
May the beautiful palms of Allah grow;
Through days of labor and nights of rest,
The love of good Allah make you blest.



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

Dr. Bradley's Books

"HAPPINESS THROUGH CREATIVE LIVING"
"NEW WEALTH FOR YOU"—$1.00
"MEDITATIONS" and "MY DAILY STRENGTH"

Other Books by Dr. Bradley

"Mastering Fear" "Courage For Today" "Life and You"
"Power From Right Thinking"

ALONG THE WAY

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

IN THE late Fall when we were making up my schedule of activities for the Winter and the Spring, I reserved the week following Mother's Day to visit our island home in Lake Vermilion, at Tower, Minnesota. Through the years I have always tried to spend one week in May there.

I left Chicago on the Northwestern Railroad, on the Duluth-Superior Limited, Mother's Day night, for the island. The inspiration and beauty of our Mother's Day Service lingered with me throughout the entire week. Arriving in Duluth, Minnesota, after a good night's rest in a comfortable Pullman of the Northwestern, I was met at 9:00 o'clock by our caretaker, Ray Landmark, who drove 100 miles from the lake to meet me at the train. Fortunately I took my heavy overcoat. I needed it, for when I stepped from the car I was greeted with a cold wind, sweeping in from Lake Superior. The sun was shining, but it affected the temperature only slightly.

We left immediately, driving up the picturesque highway on the top of which one of the loveliest views I know is presented, for you overlook the city of Duluth, St. Louis Bay, and the far-off hills of Wisconsin. I never go over this highway but what we stop in the space provided for observing the beauty of the scene. Arrived at Virginia, Minnesota, a thriving mining city just 26 miles from the island, we had our breakfast. In Virginia we did the necessary shopping and were soon on our way for the remaining few miles to the island. The sun was shining brightly and all of the evergreens were bedecked in a deep green, while the birches and the poplars and other shrubs were just beginning to unfold their leaves. It was Spring all over again for me. This was the third Spring I had enjoyed this year. In three different parts of the Western Hemisphere I had experienced the inevitable joy of seeing Springtime develop. I love every season in the year and would not care to live in a one-season locality. Each season has its distinctive charm, inspiration and delight. It would be difficult for me to designate the particular season which means the most to me. Each has its own virtues and projects its own type of beauty. Probably Springtime is the most universally loved, but there is something to be said for the fulfillment of Summer, the preparation of Autumn and the rest-time of the Winter.

In a little over an hour from Virginia, and over excellent roads, quite unlike those I knew in the early pioneering days, we reached the only road in the United States named after me. The County Commissioners of St. Louis County, at the time Mr. Jacob L. Pete represented our district of St. Louis County, built a new road off from 77, just before it reaches Moccasin Point. This road I saw constructed, and it ends at the picturesque point of Lake Vermilion, at the beginning of Austrian Bay. Without my knowledge, the Commissioners named this road Bradley Road, and as you drive down 77 you will see the roadsign at the intersection. I appreciated their recognition of my long sojourn in the Lake Vermilion country, and now that people are building on the lake on both sides of the road, it has become quite an important highway. I can drive by automobile from my house to the landing across from the island on concrete and macadam roadbeds with the ex-

ception of the last two and a half miles, which is to have a hardtop this summer. It is just 601 miles from our house to the landing on the mainland, and then a half mile of water to the little island of less than four acres. This spot has been home to me for more than forty years and here I have shared the greatest happiness of my life and its deepest sorrows. It is sacred to me in every sense.

As we left our small boat and stepped onto the dock for the first time in 1957, I stood for a moment looking at the familiar trees; the budding dogwood, the bursting buds on the Indian plum and the wild and choke cherry trees, with a feeling somewhere between elation and heartache, for there were many loved ones who always shared the island with me who will be there no more. As I walked up the walk into the house, silent and alone, I felt the presence of all who have shared with me in past years the joy and happiness which we found there.

We were greeted by Mrs. Myrtle Landmark, who had a friendly fire burning in our wood stove in the kitchen and we were soon seated in the breakfast nook, just the three of us, enjoying a luncheon snack such as only Myrtle can prepare. We visited a long time about the Winter, and it was a severe Winter in the North country. The ice had only left the lake a few days before, and they had had days of 25 and 30 below zero.

After our friendly visit together I went out to walk over the island and the first place I went to visit was the grave of my little dog Skipper, who left us so suddenly the day before we were due to leave the island for the Fall. He had been my inseparable companion for fourteen years. I have thought many times to write a eulogy of him and have never been able to do so. With his leash, his collar and his blanket we buried him where he had spent so many happy summers. A little marker was placed above his grave and on the grave his drinking dish in which Myrtle always keeps a petunia plant. There was a new grave near his this year, for our parakeet "Kevin," which had been presented to us four years ago by Mr. and Mrs. Harry D. Stone, died during the Winter. He was a most unusual bird, one of the brightest and friendliest I have ever known, and very much a part our own household. None of us ever made any extravagant claims about his ability to talk, but that he had a language all his own in which he conveyed his emotions and love for us was plainly obvious. The morning we found him dead in the corner of his cage brought to us all a heartache. He was carefully wrapped and enclosed in a protective covering and mailed to Ray at the island, where he was buried —a little circular monument of stone and a small wooden cross mark his resting place.

I suppose there may be someone reading these words who will say "How foolish" and, perhaps "ridiculous" to love animal life so deeply, but I have always believed that respect after death to those who have been a part of our life, whether human or animal, indicates a quality and a nobility of appreciation. I have only pity for those who have never known the love of a bird or a dog or some other pet. So, the earthly remnant of "Kevin" and "Skipper" rest together and the memories of the happy moments they brought to all who knew them, is their immortality.

I slept that night in the main lodge on the island. Long after I had blown out the lamp—for we only use candles and kerosene lamps,—I listened to the voices of the night and the silence in contrast to the noise of the city was

restful and peaceful and kept me awake for a long time. I was awake at dawn and heard the twittering of the pine swallows, which are in our bird houses by the score, and during the day I saw the yellow warblers, our robins building their nests, the song sparrows singing away, the cautious pair of ducks which have built their nest under the kitchen and will hatch a brood of ducklings there, and circling over the island in graceful and majestic flight were the sea gulls which make their home on a small rock island not very far from our own.

I had three beautiful days of rest, of reading, of visiting, and although they were lonely days, the memories lingered with caressing beauty and seemed to harmonize with the glory of the Springtime which was all about me.

I returned to Chicago on Friday morning, refreshed and invigorated for the remaining busy weeks before the closing of church for the summer.

* * *

One of the most interesting events in which I have participated the whole year through was sharing with the Norwegian people of our city their Constitution Day Celebration. The actual date on which Norway observed its independence was Friday, May 17th, but the Norwegian National League of Chicago observed the occasion on Saturday and Sunday. I was invited to give the address on Sunday afternoon, May 19th, in the Northwest Armory. When I awakened Sunday morning, May 19th, the skies were leaden and it was pouring rain. The Norwegian people had planned a parade for the afternoon, and then the meeting in the Armory at 3:30. We went to church that morning in a deluge and the first surprise of the day was finding a congregation which the rain did not prevent from attending the service. In the afternoon, just before the parade was due to begin, at 2:30, the rain suddenly and kindly stopped and for the whole of the parade there was not a drop of rain. I stood at a window in the Armory watching the parade return to the main entrance, impressed with its colorful costumes, banners and marchers.

The well-known Salvation Army Band of Chicago furnished the music and there is no better band music anywhere. Nearly 4,000 people had gathered in the Armory. The presentation of the colors was given by the Sons of Norway Drill Team. I attend many functions where the colors are presented. I have never attended one when it was done more perfectly and effectively than on this occasion. The tall Viking who was head of the drill team presented a majestic appearance. Every member knew exactly the tempo and every movement necessary to make it a faultless affair.

The invocation was delivered by the Rev. Sven J. Thompson, Pastor of Hauge Evangelical Lutheran Church. The National Anthems of the United States and Norway were sung and the assembly sang Var Gud Han Er Sa Fast En Borg.

The opening remarks were made by Mr. Knute Nelson, who is the Honorary President of the Norwegian National League; and the response and welcome was given by Mr. George Andersen who is President of the Norwegian National League. Both addresses were delivered in English. Then came the musical event of the celebration. Whenever Mr. Knute Hansen, the Director, presents the Normennenes Singing Society, you may rest assured that you are to hear choral music of consonant beauty. You may recall the same society sang in our church one Sunday evening not too long ago. Mr.

Knute Hansen is one of the greatest choral directors in this country and is the only director who has been honored by the Kings of three countries: Norway, Sweden and Denmark. My only regret on the day of which I am writing was the fact that I was seated behind them on the stage and could not see Mr. Hansen direct, for it adds to the enjoyment of the listener to watch the artistry of his direction.

I had the honor of sitting beside the Honorable Knut Orre, the Royal Consul General of Norway. His address was given in Norwegian and English, and the part which I understood was most impressive and delivered in a quiet and dignified manner. The Royal Consul General is a man of most pleasing personality and, like so many Scandinavians, emanated integrity and solidarity.

Mr. Gunnar Sandvold, an internationally known baritone, who has sung in opera in this country and abroad, presented some inspiring vocal selections. There were songs by the Oselio and Grieg Ladies' Choruses which were delightful.

The Honorable Sidney R. Olssen, Clerk of the Criminal Court of Cook County and a distinguished citizen, introduced the guests, who included the Mayor of Chicago, the Honorable Richard J. Daley, who spoke effectively and who is giving every evidence of growing in stature as a public speaker. I have been on several occasions with Mayor Daley recently and his addresses are given without manuscript and indicate a sincerity and an interest which is unusual. He greatly impressed his audience and the substance of what he said, as he appealed for a united Chicago of every race and creed, religion and nationality, erected an ideal for us all to follow.

There were then vocal selections by Mette Askheim, accompanied by Audun Ravnan, who later gave piano selections.

I gave the concluding address, in which I tried to bring out the idea that the people of every racial and cultural and religious background who come to the United States should bring the best of their country, their culture and their religion with them; that we need the best of all the various backgrounds of races in this difficult experiment of democracy. I was received most graciously and after the Bjornson Male Chorus and some interesting Norse Folk Dances by the Leikarringen Heimhug with Harold Thorsen, Leader, Col. Tom Gabrielsen, Retired Staff Officer of the Salvation Army of Chicago, gave the benediction. I shall always remember the function as one of the most inspiring I have ever experienced.

* * *

Our church will close for the summer with the Sunday morning service of June 9th. It will be the last service in my 45th year as the pastor. The details of my summer activities will be given in the announcements at that service. We shall visit Belfast, Dublin, Bergen and Oslo, Norway, Stockholm, Sweden, Copenhagen, Denmark, London, Oxford and Bath, England, where I shall be preaching. The dates will be given later and if any of my readers are in these places during the summer perhaps our trails will cross.

To every reader, radio listener, member and friend of the Peoples Church of Chicago, I express as deeply as I am capable, my appreciation for all you have meant to me and the church in this year. May you all have a Summer of recreation and restoration, and may we all be together again on September 15, 1957.

God bless you all.

MOTHER'S DAY IN THE PEOPLES CHURCH

On Sunday, May 12th, the Peoples Church numbered among the vast audience which had gathered in spite of the unpleasant weather, many very young and very elderly Mothers. Dr. Bradley had announced the previous Sunday that three orchids would be given away, as well as a copy of his latest book, "Happiness Through Creative Living."

The orchids were brought by Dr. and Mrs. Rufus Lee. Dr. Lee, a specialist in dentistry by profession, has the delightful avocation of orchid and dahlia growing. On his spacious corner lot at 5703 Newark Street are grown the most beautiful and the largest dahlias to be found anywhere—a veritable forest of beauty in dahlia season. In a special greenhouse at the rear of the lovely home are grown orchids of rare beauty. Dr. Lee brought six magnificent orchids for Mother's day. Mrs Lee wore a seventh orchid herself.

These were the Mothers who received orchids:

Mrs. Hatte L. Robertson, of 4855 N. Magnolia Avenue, aged 93, the oldest.

Mrs. William Kraut, 4723 N. Sheridan Road, aged 18, the youngest. Mrs. Kraut carried her baby, six weeks old, in her arms.

Mrs. F. B. Hintz, of 1458 W. Leland Avenue, aged 38, youngest grandmother.

Mrs. Doris Matthys, of 672 Irving Park Boulevard, the mother who brought the largest family with her to church. Her five children were with her.

Mrs Helen Trusler, of 517 Deming Place, and Mrs M. C. Kraeckmann, of 5521 N. Wayne Avenue, mothers who are 91 years of age each, were later supplied with orchids from Dr. Lee's greenhouse.

Mrs Matthys was given an orchid and Dr. Bradley's autographed book.

Prior to the service Dr. Lee presented Mrs. Bradley with an orchid.

NEW MEMBERS RECEIVED INTO THE PEOPLES CHURCH ON EASTER SUNDAY

Mr. Richard M. Barmann,
1856 Sherman Avenue, Evanston, Illinois
Mrs. Dorothy B. Braun,
Fruitport, Michigan
Mr. Stephen J. Briggs,
8040 S. Princeton Avenue, Chicago 20
from Crerar Memorial Presbyterian Church
Mrs. Ann Brough,
5627 N. Kedvale Avenue, Chicago 29
Mr. and Mrs. Elbert Budovec,
Miss Jeanette Budovec,
2033 N. Fremont Avenue, Chicago 14
Mrs. Corrine Campbell,
909 Wilson Avenue, Chicago 40
Miss Jeanne Chandler,
3312 Wrightwood Avenue, Chicago 47
Miss Diane Davis,
555 Banbury Road, Arlington Heights, Illinois
Mr. Arthur George,
2538 Sunnyside Avenue, Chicago 25
Mrs. Helen Hallihan,
5200 Sheridan Road, Chicago 40
Mrs. Claire Horn,
7600 Sheridan Road, Chicago 26
Mrs. John Kallos,
5256 N. Osceola Avenue, Chicago 31
Miss Leah Lyon,
425 Surf Street, Chicago 14
Mrs. E. Metzger,
1920 Farragut Avenue, Chicago 40
Mr. and Mrs. John Olesky,
4516 N. Malden Street, Chicago 40
Mrs. Eva Peisha,
909 Dakin Street, Chicago 13
Miss Olga Peterson,
909 Dakin Street, Chicago 13
Mrs. Kathe Sommerfeld,
845 Lawrence Avenue, Chicago 40
Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. Stewart,
1152 N. Monitor Avenue, Chicago 51
Miss F. Zeta Youmans,
815 Leland Avenue, Chicago 40
Mr. and Mrs. John Zawistowski,
3127 N. Western Avenue, Chicago 18

AN APOLOGY AND A CORRECTION

IN sending to the printers the photograph which appeared on page 8 of our May issue of The Liberalist we neglected to identify the people in it. We humbly apologize for this oversight. Reading from left to right they were: Mr. C. Hilding Anderson, Dr. Preston Bradley and Dr. Frederick May Eliot. The photograph was taken just as telegrams of congratulation were being received prior to the 45th Anniversary Banquet given to Dr. Bradley, in the Grand Ballroom of the Conrad Hilton Hotel. Mr. C. Hilding Anderson, Chicago Attorney, head of the Medical Center Commission and a former Master in Chancery, was Toastmaster and Dr. Frederick May Eliot, President of the American Unitarian Association, had come from Boston to give an address at the Banquet.

Dr. Bradley describes the banquet in his article this month, Along the Way, starting on page three.

"ARE YOU A LISTENER?"

Sermon by DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago
May 5, 1957

Are You a Listener? I didn't anticipate, when I selected this subject, that there would be such a general idea that I was going to speak on some aspect of radio. Some interpreted it to mean, "Are you a radio listener or are you a listener of the Peoples Church?" Many people this week have said to me: "Well, we'll be interested in hearing what you have to say about radio Sunday." Well, this isn't about radio at all! I suppose it ought to be, perhaps, because today is the first day of Radio Week, and all of the radio stations in the United States are observing the week with special programs. Radio has had the finest year since there has been any radio, and in spite of television and all the rest of it radio is really coming back with tremendous strides, and more people are listening to radio today than ever in its history! And so at the beginning of Radio Observance Week it might seem appropriate for me to speak on the subject, *Are You a Listener?* I certainly pay tribute to radio, after thirty-three consecutive years in radio broadcasting. I thrill at the observance and I compliment the fine work which is being done by the radio stations of this country! But our subject this morning is of a different approach and of a different angle entirely.

Are You a Listener? And if you will go to the Book of Ecclesiastes in the twenty-sixth chapter and the thirtieth verse you will read the verse that inspired me to use this subject, for that verse is this: "He that heareth my words shall not be confused"! "He that heareth my words shall not be confused." Those words were written centuries ago and they were written by one of the most heroic minds who has ever written about religion and about life. We're not quite sure who it was and we're not quite sure when it was, but of one thing we are sure, it contains a great truth! If there is one word which seems to me to characterize

with uncanny accuracy the age in which you and I are living it is the word "confusion"!

I have never known so many confused people as I am meeting these days! I've lived quite a while and I've tried to observe and study and love humanity all of the years of my life, but I have never known humanity more confused than humanity is today! And when I read those great words: "He that heareth my words shall not be confused," I wondered about the antidote for confusion, and I wondered how we could get out of this confusion; I wondered what could happen to the world and what could happen to us that would clear up the sky line of life, that we might not have these deep-seated currents of uncertainty running rampant through the whole structure of our contemporary life! That this confusion is almost universal, I think even a superficial observer would have to admit! I don't see how anyone who picks up a daily newspaper can deny this; I don't see how anyone who is at all a part of the intense fabric of contemporary living can deny this; I don't see how anyone who visits hospitals and jails and institutions and sees the appalling number of mental and nervous breakdowns that are occurring with increasing rapidity every twenty-four hours can deny this! People simply going berserk! Not only in one area of life, but in many areas of life!

I stand at my little window of the world and I look out upon this passing pageantry of international relations and what do I find? Confusion! I find political parties that cannot possibly find a unified expression so that a policy can be presented as representative of the whole area of the particular party! I find the Republican Party split wide open down the middle and in two! I see the Democratic Party split down the middle and in two! I see confusion reigning in the whole political atmosphere of America! I hear the rumors of a declining President who is on the verge of resignation!

I hear all of the confusion that comes from the City of Washington, and if there is one place in the world that seems to be the very climax of confusion it's the City of Washington! I spent the better part of a week there just a little while ago and all I discovered in every area was confusion, confusion, confusion! Nobody seems to know what ought to be done next about this, that and the other! A constant modification, constant realignment, constant retrenchment, constant compromise—confusion running riot!

I look out upon the economic structure of a nation which is, basically and fundamentally, so completely sound in its potentiality that nothing even approaching an economic disaster ever ought to settle down upon the American people! With the potentiality of our good earth; with the rapidity of our rivers of oil running through the arteries of this good earth of ours under our coasts and under our States; with our land more productive than it has ever been in the history of the nation; with the opportunities afforded by science and invention, there is no real reason why this nation should ever experience economic upheaval or industrial tragedy! And yet, I see in both areas of that problem—confusion! I see financiers walking the floor at night wondering what is the best thing to do! I see labor leaders deep in conferences wondering about the growing conflict in the world of labor! I see all of this picture of our contemporary, objective, national life and what is the word that describes it? Confusion!

People are confused. You see it in the areas of individual living where the personality is confused. I meet people every day of my life who say to me: "Dr. Bradley, I don't know what to believe! I don't know what church to go to! I don't know what to accept about this or that or the other. I go and hear one preacher and I hear this; I go and hear another preacher and I hear that!" Like the woman who came to me the other day and was so deeply concerned about Baptism. She was all excited and wasn't sleeping nights, "Because," she said, "I went to that church and they said I had to be immersed! I went to another church and they said I should be sprinkled! I went to another church and they said I should be dipped! I went to another church and they said I should be poured! Now," she said, "I'm all mixed up and I don't know what to do!" And I said to her: "I can settle it for you." She said: "I thought you could!" I said: "Just go ahead and make the arrangements and I'll do the whole business—I'll sprinkle you, I'll pour you, I'll dip you, I'll immerse you and then we'll know we've got one of them right, and you can go on your way without being worried or excited!" And what's the matter with her and religion? Confused! Confused! Fathers and mothers are confused about their youngsters! Don't know what is the best technique or the best approach to use in this matter of development of their youngsters! Confused! It's a confused world!

Now amidst all the noise and the confusion the real remedy is almost completely removed as a technique, until most people haven't it available at all! And what is it? What is the remedy in an hour like this? You remember the character in "The Man in the Grey Flannel Suit?" You remember him? This man in the grey flannel suit, after he had achieved all that he had achieved, he suddenly saw the great hysteria of his own world—the noise, the confusion, the ambition, the pride, the hurly-burly of it all—and he said within himself: "Why are they all in such a hurry?"

Now the one thing that's preventing our developing a perspective is our hectic confusion and hurry. You'll never get out of your trouble until you get a true perspective of your trouble, never in the world!—you've got to see it plainly, clearly, and all around it! or you never can get these things adjusted and never can get out of the confusion and the turmoil into serenity and tranquility of soul which are the very acme of all true spiritual happiness! The person who is confused is never happy! They don't know anything about tranquility of spirit—nothing about it at all! And we put ourselves in the position of becoming barriers; we're interferences to the voice that, if we could hear it as a listener, would remove our confusion! There is such a voice! And we're so busy and so occupied and so tyrannized by calendars and timeclocks and engagements that we can't hear the still, small voice! We can't hear it at all!

We live in a world of noise and confusion, and we can't hear the still, small voice of God! For I tell you, my dear friends, that is the only panacea for your confusion, as a person, as a nation, as a world! If we could only be quiet for a few minutes—do you know that sometimes when I think about something, I'm just overwhelmed by what I think would result! We've got one-half of the Michigan Avenue bridge sewed up now and after we've sewed that up for a while we'll sew up the other half and then

by the time we get the one-half sewed up the other side will be broken down again and we'll have to go through this thing again, and I was caught in that for over an hour! And a very important matter was waiting and there I was! You couldn't go ahead, you couldn't go back; you couldn't go up, and you couldn't get out! So I said to myself: "I might just as well make the best of it!" And there I was, a part of an erratic, impulsive lot of drivers—you never heard such reaction in your life, never! You opened your car window —oh! Everybody upset! And we were all excited and we were all tortured. Our schedule had been interrupted, the time value was cast aside—there we were, stranded—not a thing any of us could do about it! And I thought to myself: "What a moment to invite the presence of something divine! What a moment!"

I just closed my eyes and I said: "Dear spirit of love and of beauty and of truth, this doesn't matter at all! Not at all. I'm not going to get my blood-pressure up and I'm not going to get excited! I am not hungry, I am not thirsty, I can sit here for four hours if it becomes necessary!"—and nothing happened at all! I had the most beautiful wait I've ever had in my life anywhere! Things just unfolded. I had a perspective of some of my own problems that I didn't have before! I'd captured it all by listening to a voice which, when listened to, will dissipate confusion! And as I sat there —I wasn't quite up to the bridge yet, I was two or three blocks away, and I was afraid that before I did get up there I might have to test the thing all over again after we did get started, so I asked for a little bit of extra grace—but as we went along this thought occurred to me and it made me almost breathless, and I'm going to give it to you this morning, and you think about it!

I thought: "What would happen to the United States of America if every wheel in it would stop for a day, every wheel in the factory, on the street, everywhere; all the transportation, everything; if all the noise would stop; if nobody would talk above a whisper; if there was no crash and din surrounding us; if we could have twenty-four hours of complete silence, just quiet, and listen and listen!" We don't listen! We're too pragmatic; we're too active; we're too vital to listen! But if we would just listen I think it would be the most valuable twenty-four hours in the entire year, just to be quiet and still and listen!

I've been watching the buds unfold and the green come back to the heart of the leaf; I've been listening to the breaking music of the daffodil and the budding glory of the tulip; I've been listening to the glory of the sunrise—I saw it this morning open its door like a great furnace in the eastern sky over our lovely lake; I've been listening to the still, small voices all week long! I have found a secret—let us be good listeners again, "for if you listen," sang the ancient prophet, "to my words, ye shall not be confused!"

Eternal spirit of beauty and of strength, of quietness and of power, help our hearts to be listening hearts! May we find time, if it's only five minutes, just to be quiet, just to listen and, in the listening, find the key which will unlock the confusion of a tortured, twisted world.

Photograph taken in the Grand Ballroom of
given to Dr. Preston Br

Hilton Hotel at the 45th Anniversary Banquet
or of the Peoples Church

BOOK CHATS

WHEN I first noticed a book called *Prayer Can Change Your Life,* I had no desire to read it. It wasn't because I was absolutely satisfied with my life in every respect that I at first shunned the book. I just didn't think the book would be really interesting. I thought it would be very orthodox and I had an idea that I knew just about what the approach would be. Then I noted that it was written by Dr. William R. Parker and Elaine St. Johns Dare; that Prentice-Hall had published it, and the outside paper cover carried the statement: "The Scientific proof that prayer can bring you what you want."

Next I read: "Here, for the first time in book form, is recorded the story of an unusual scientific experiment that applied the methods of modern psychology to the study of prayer . . . and how it brought light and love to the troubled men and women who took part. The results of this unique, *scientifically conducted test* (the underlining is ours) showed conclusively that prayer, *rightly used,* completely dissolves the millstones of modern problems, and brings us into creative harmony with ourselves, and the world."

Dr. William R. Parker, a Professor at California's University of Redlands, found himself on the verge of a mysterious nervous breakdown. Other help failing, he began to pray. He was entirely well again in a few brief months. This circumstance led him to find out why so few really reap the benefit of their prayers. A scientific test was conducted in the University, with three groups participating. Forty-five men and women from every walk of life decided which group they would join: (1) Psychotherapy; (2) Random Pray*ers;* (3) Prayer Therapy. Included in these groups were agnostics, a minister, an atheist. This book is a simple report on their work. It tells of specific cases and of results accomplished.

One woman entered the class when her husband had been told he had six months to live. Five years later her husband was still alive and well.

Perhaps you will find some of the chapter headings interesting: Experiments in prayer ("You've got to show me!"—The guinea pigs.)—Measuring Prayer Power (The control groups—The scientific yardstick and its uses—What the tests revealed.)—Examining Results (The overall picture—Individual cases—Where prayer and psychology failed.)—The Kingdom Within (The key to the kingdom—Hypnotism and the unconscious—Glimpses of our hidden power.)—The Four Demons (The vicious circle—Fear: the skeleton in the closet—Guilt, normal and abnormal — Inferiority feelings — Misguided love [hate].) The Healing Power (What is God?—Where is God?—The power of love vs. the power of death—The commandments of love.) Entering the Winner's Circle (The first approach—the hound of heaven—the second approach—I love because I love—The third approach—starting in our own front yard—The fourth approach—angels in disguise—The healing of nations.) How to Cast Out Demons (Teach us to pray—with signs following—Make prayer a regular activity—

Make prayer an act of surrender—Make prayer positive—Make prayer receptive.) The Signs Following. (He knows it, anyhow.) Further Experiments. (What we have learned.) How to Approach Self Honesty (Prelude to prayer—Recognizing our defense mechanisms—Telltale signs.) Techniques for Self-Knowledge. (What we are evaluating—Looking in all directions —Guilt — Inferiority feelings — Hate (Misguided love)—Meeting the demands of life.) Prayer Therapy on a Daily Basis (Rebuilding a harmonious kingdom — Breaking old habits — Establishing new patterns.) Onward and Upward. (Ten steps toward a richer, fuller life—The perfect man.) Wisdom—Ancient and Modern. (Appendix: A List of Acknowledgments and Suggested Reading.)

People came to these groups who said, "You've got to show me." and they were shown. Many were surprised to find out how much of their physical trouble was emotional. The individuals who made up the groups are described, together with their problems. One is so apt to find some one of his or her own problems among these that the book is bound to be helpful provided the reader will concentrate on the entire book and not dabble at it, here and there. It is a progressive sort of story, this road to healing through prayer therapy. You may get a better concept of God through reading it. The individuals who took part were all rather desperate cases and felt that if this couldn't help them nothing could, and thus they were willing to follow the suggestions given.

Nine months and ten days after the experimental test was started an evaluation of the overall picture was made and the following was the result:

Group I—65% improvement
(Psychotherapy)
Group II—No improvement
(Random Pray*ers*)
Group III—72% improvement
(Prayer Therapy)

The results in several individual cases are here analyzed for the reader; and some cases are worked out right before the reader's eyes.

The assertion is made that prayers are *always answered,* and no mistake about it. "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he." "But what are we praying? What are we repeating and believing constantly either on our knees before the altar or going about our daily business? Suppose we say the Lord's Prayer, which is a positive, affirmative prayer, once a day. But it doesn't get our attention. We brush it aside and go right back to telling God what a thorough failure, what an unhappy specimen we are and continue dwelling on those thoughts during our waking hours. What is getting our attention? It is not the brief moment with the Lord's Prayer then that is *our* prayer. Our constant thoughts and words of affirmation are *our* prayer, that which will have power in *our* lives. Thus, 'You are what you pray' whether you ever pray consciously or not . . . if we turn and dwell on self-pity, self-doubt, weakness, guilt, fear, pain, do we honestly believe we have let God's will for His creation dictate our state of mind?"

I believe confidently that any human being who will read this book with an unprejudiced mind, regardless of preconceived beliefs, will receive inspiration and help from it. I heartily recommend it. (Prayer Can Change Your Life; Prentice-Hall; $3.50).

The Liberalist

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EDITORIAL

THE TRUE character of our world is the character of ascendancy and of progress! There has never been an hour in the history of man when he didn't dream of a better world! And this is true in spite of all of his experiences of war and economic tragedy, and all the pressures of a materialistic emphasis. There isn't any power in the world that can permanently triumph over good. If you're wrong you can't win. If you're right you can't lose! The fundamental inherent quality of the soul of man is a persisting awareness that goodness and truth and beauty, the eternal trinity upon which Christ stood and lived, cannot be violated by powers of materialism or of energy! You can't kill good and you can't preserve evil, for in the race of destiny man caught a glimpse of the stars and he will never rest until the glimpse has been widened into a dream and the dream activated into a reality!

That's the heart of man. That is the ultimate worship of man, and all the evil and all the evil men that the world has ever known are transients. They are ultimately defeated. No one who would stifle freedom; no one who would imprison a brother; no one who would attempt to kill the spirit of love; no individual, no nation, no idealogy, no philosophy that would hold man back from the stars is going to have the last word in this world! The dreamers and the poets for eight thousand years have said that! The scientists in their persistency to create an ever-increasing emphasis upon a materialistic basis, will learn some day, and I hope soon, that saturating their scientific achievements with the Spirit of Christ is the answer to all the problems of the world.

There are institutions, there are nations, there are idealogies in the world today that think they can kill Christ, but Christ, which is the symbol of eternal perfection, will haunt the soul of man forever! And man is on his way to something finer and better than he has ever known! He will revolt against the materialistic emphasis of his age and his era. His heart will be sensitive and attuned to the melody of Christ and that spirit will win! Never doubt it! Man, in his highest, will win!

"REWARD YOURSELF" SERIES OF THE WOMAN'S CLUB OF THE PEOPLES CHURCH

Given at the Club on March 4, 1957

Ideals and Discouragements

By Mrs. Wyllys W. Hagen

IDEALS are valuable incentives. Their real and enduring worth is the measure in which they lead us to actual achievements, whether it be in our personal or club activities. As individuals we must ever correct our own faults and our own weaknesses fearlessly and critically, rather than to follow them, never allowing discouragement to dominate our lives.

It is amazing how the habit of seeing good in people and searching out the best in others enlarges our own soul. We might look in the mirror when inclined to speak harshly of another. How guilty and crabbed we must look. Speak well of someone and our best kindliness floods our face, representing our best qualities.

The ideals of a club such as the Woman's Club of the Peoples Church are countless and are of the finest. They should be inspirational, to the cultivation of every clubwoman's best service in their achievement. We must ever preserve the ideal of developing our best qualities. This development has been observed in several members of this club, who have shown an increase of interest and self-confidence in their attainment of a certain goal. Even though this may be true in some instances, no one should become contented with the thoughts she has of herself and the deeds she is doing, for their should always be a desire to do something larger, something better.

We have recently commemorated the birthdays of two great Americans—George Washington, an aristocrat, and Abraham Lincoln, a man of the common people. Both faced defeat, failure and discouragement, yet they achieved those ideals—those great accomplishments which became the foundation of this great nation of ours. Faith in their motives attained for them that success, and undying fame to the end of time. Their high ideals culminated in the highest values of their lives. And so may there always be faith in the motives of this club, that it may be preserved forever.

The antidote for sorrow, worry and discouragement is in doing kindly deeds. No one has ever become a failure by doing too much for others. How satisfying to be aware of the many fine things members of the Woman's Club of the Peoples Church are doing in this respect.

Struggle and discouragement not only test one's character,—they create it! We call to mind that it has been said of Jesus, "He learned by the things which he suffered." It depends eternally upon our attitudes toward our difficulties whether we attain our ideals. There is an ancient saying, "Look within! For there is the fountain of good, and it will ever bubble up if thou wilt ever dig." The Great Master said, "What things soever ye desire, when ye pray believe that ye receive

them, and ye shall have them." All of us know the effect of our own desires upon ourselves, and how the attainment of our ideals is influenced by our greatest desires. However, we must have faith. "All things are possible to him who believeth."

Let us look at the ideals and discouragements of those other years. General Grant was graduated near the bottom of his class and never made much success in anything. Then in the Civil War he became one of our greatest generals. Carrie Jacobs Bond was a failure in her writing of songs, which were not even accepted. She did not stop composing songs. She did not lose faith in her ideal of "a song for the ages." Finally came "At the End of a Perfect Day," for which she will long be remembered.

All of us do possess a strong controlling influence for reaching our ideals but it often takes courage unlimited to attain them. The Pilgrim Fathers, whom some of us are able and all of us would be proud to count as ancestors, had their most distinguishing mark in their resolution to turn defeat into victory. During their first winter's struggle in Plymouth one-half of the population died. Yet when the Mayflower returned to England in the Spring, they could not forsake their ideal of establishing a homeland here. They did not become discouraged and not a colonist gave up and sailed with the Mayflower. Every man and woman left alive conquered discouragement and persevered in building a worthy civilization and culture. Such is our American legacy!

"May the huddled masses coming to our shores today, yearning to breathe free," have highest motives and ideals, and a deep appreciation of the sacrifices that have been made to hold to those principles, those ideals, which have made our beloved America "The Land of the Free." May they, too, have much of that Pilgrim steadfastness, and may we all do our part to exemplify what it means to be good American citizens.

Perfectly familiar to us are the stories of Beethoven who, though deaf, heard vast harmonies. Handel, who was paralyzed, wrote the beautiful Messiah. Millet, though ill and poverty stricken, kept on with his work and out of the glory of his spirit came "The Angelus," one of the loveliest paintings in the world. If we stop to realize what these individuals overcame, how much more should we take courage in overcoming what may sometimes seem to us to be insurmountable difficulties.

We know that Jesus escaped the frustration of his own community only to find himself confronted by friends who betrayed him. The church authorities hunted him down and he saw the inevitable cross at the end of the road. He knew all too well the agony of the crucifixion. Yet he adjusted himself to the inevitable and called out "Not my will but thine be done."

All around us are people whose stout hearts accept disappointment, discouragement and sorrow, which they can neither escape nor conquer, but who learn they can find new spirit and new depths of living within their own beings. It is a matter of our own will to win which makes us triumphant in attaining our ideals, defeating our discouragements. It was General MacArthur who said "Nobody grows old by merely living a number of years. People grow old by deserting their ideals."

May I quote from the Litany which we love in Dr. Bradley's services: "and by the *hopes* and *ideals* that lead us on toward better things," may we ever be guided "by the *truth* which we have been permitted to learn."

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

ON May 21st Dr. Bradley will leave for Piney Woods, Mississippi, to give the Commencement Address for the second time at the Piney Woods Country Life School, founded by Laurence C. Jones. In a winter number of "The Pine Torch," the official little newspaper of Piney Woods School, published every other month, and consisting of four small pages, Prof. Laurence C. Jones writes:

The School Year of 1956-57 is Now Upon Us—To our Northern and Southern Friends—

I send the story below of Fannie at this time because you have helped make the story possible by contributing to our Food Budget about this time each year.

Our food budget determines how many boys and girls like Fannie we can admit for the school year of 1956-57.

You have never failed us. We have never failed a boy or girl like Fannie.

Piney Woods School
Piney Woods, Mississippi.

Gratefully yours,
Laurence C. Jones.

Fannie—The Girl From Cedar Grove
(Near Canton, Miss.)

Fannie was an ordinary plantation girl, to many Southern white folks, "just a nigger gal." She was just one of a dozen boys and girls in a family who helped to plant and hoe and pick a cotton crop each year for a reward of three or four months at a country school under a teacher who would not measure up to fourth grade of the colored town and city schools in our Southland and who "kept" school rather than taught 50 or 60 boys and girls without any building or equipment that would be considered such by ordinary educational standards.

I said an "ordinary" Mississippi plantation girl—but within her there must have been a "divine spark" for she had heard of Piney Woods School and for several years she begged her parents to let her go there and work her way. Her father would have no part in it—didn't want to hear anything about it. He just wasn't interested in a good field hand going off to school. The other children had all grown up without any special education and had wandered off to distant places. Only Fannie, June, and Vera were left to farm and do the chores. (June has been a WAC for several years and Vera is a housewife.)

Her mother who didn't have any more worldly goods than the girls, helped Fannie to finally get off to Piney Woods School. It was a big new world to her. You can't say she was the dumbest girl who ever came to Piney Woods but she experienced a new world she had never dreamed existed.

Hundreds of boys and girls, dozens of teachers, buildings and industries, and visitors, coming and going.

In the midst of what must have seemed like confusion, Fannie had a serenity of soul. The first time I can remember knowing her was once, when crossing the campus I heard some girls

on the playground say to some other girls, "It's time for us to go to meeting." The words arrested my attention and when I returned to the office I inquired about the "meeting"—since I had not heard of it—no one seemed to know at the time but later learned that one of the new girls—Fannie—gathered some girls about her each evening and read and talked about the Bible.

From that time on I continued to hear about Fannie, mostly about what she didn't know or couldn't do.

But it wasn't long before her sterling character became evident—a seriousness of purpose soon manifested itself. She was taking part in things, learning to play clarinet in the band and finding her way around.

However, each spring—often two months before commencement—her father would come and take her home to help him on the farm—to plow with a mule, and in the fall pick cotton. Fannie was always late getting back to school in the fall. What little she received from the months of tireless labor in the field wasn't enough to buy her clothes and shoes.

Each year she faithfully returned to get what she could.

It must have been heart-rending to see other girls and boys remain for the end of school and many others stay at Piney Woods for the summer—only Fannie could know the poignant griet she must have suffered.

Finally she realized that it would be possible for her to stay at Piney Woods the year round and by her own effort make her room and board and obtain her necessary clothing from the boxes sympathetic Northern and Southern friends donated. Some friends like Miss Faye M. Preston of Decatur heard her story and found a joy in helping her.

Finally she finished high school.

Even before that she was going out as manager of our boys and girls sextet, giving concerts in Northern and Southern churches during the summer. She was becoming skilled in typing and shorthand and was of definite assistance in the business office and in helping to mail out the Pine Torch.

She continued until she completed our two years after high school, a teacher training course. Then we helped her to finish her senior college course at Lincoln University in Jefferson City, Missouri. She graduated with a Bachelor's degree in Business Education.

After graduation she returned to Piney Woods, but feeling that there was much yet to be learned, she applied to Teachers College, Columbia University, in New York City, for a work scholarship. During her two years there she was able to earn practically all her expenses by working full time as a secretary and bookkeeper to various professors. Also she was chosen by her department as the representative to the Student Council. (Only one representative for each department in the college was permissible.)

Now what do you think was my feeling on June 5th, in New York City on the Columbia University campus to see Fannie—a little brown girl from a Mississippi backwoods plantation—having conferred upon her a master's degree by the President of Columbia University in the same Commencement that Honorary Degrees were conferred upon such eminent Americans as Hon. John Marshall Harlan, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, and Dr. Margaret Clapp, the President of Wellesley College, and Dr. Henry Pitney Van Dusen, President of Union Theological Seminary. And what do you think were my grateful thoughts to the people who made it possible?

This story could not have been

written had there been no Piney Woods School.

There could not have been a Piney Woods School had not you Northern and Southern white people to whom this story is mailed made some contribution.

(Piney Woods School is 22 miles S.E. of Jackson on Highway 49 South, enroute to Mendenhall, Hattiesburg and Gulfport.)

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

I drove up from the Gulf Coast to Jackson yesterday afternoon, and on the way I stopped off to say hello to Doctor Jones at Piney Woods. They are all looking forward with a great deal of interest to your coming to the campus on May 22. I think this is a fine thing for you to do.

Warm regards.

Sincerely yours,

Wayne (A. Johnston), President,
Illinois Central Railroad.

* * *

Dear Doctor Bradley:

The history of the growth and progress of a community may often be measured in terms of the lives of individuals. These are they who, prompted by deep sentiments of social awareness, have chosen to dedicate their gifts, their talents, and their lives to the welfare of the community.

Such a choice and such a decision frequently entails the sacrifice of personal goals and ambitions. Yet, dedicated people constantly make this sacrifice, and thereby enrich the community of which they are a vital part.

Your life, Doctor Bradley, for half a century has been interwoven with the history of Chicago. Because of your many and varied contributions to the civic, spiritual and cultural life of Chicago, you have become a permanent part of its history. Chicago is justly proud of you as citizen and community leader. You, in turn, must feel at this time that profound sense of gratification which can come only from a life spent in the service of others.

I regret that I am unable to express in person my good wishes on this occasion. I assure you that only a previous and long-standing commitment prevents my being present.

In common with all my fellow citizens of Chicago I extend my congratulations to you on this happy occasion. It is my sincere wish and prayer that you may be granted unmeasured years in your continuing service to our community.

With warmest personal wishes, I remain

Sincerely yours,
Bernard J. Sheil, D.D.,
Auxiliary Bishop of Chicago.

* * *

KEEP — ON — THE — BEAM!

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

APRIL

CHRISTENINGS

14—Richard Walter Roof, son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Roof
Denise Joy Steinbauer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Steinbauer

Easter Sunday

21—Michael Charles Busija, son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Busija

21—Cindy Lou Hellman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hellman
Susan Jean Lockwood, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Lockwood
Susan Mary Pickard, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Pickard
Ralph Curtis Williams, son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Williams

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

APRIL

1—Address. WGN-TV.
Address. WGN radio.
45th Annual Banquet, celebrating Dr. Bradley's 45th year in the Peoples Church, listed in his diary as "One of the finest days of my life." Conrad Hilton Hotel, Grand Ballroom. 1200 present.

3—Attended meetings of the 35th Annual Convention of the Izaak Walton League, Mayflower Hotel, Washington, D.C.

4—Address, I.W.L.A. Convention, Mayflower Hotel, Washington, D.C. Presentation of Founders' Awards.
Address, I.W.L.A. Convention—"Future of the League." Convention adjourned at Dr. Bradley's suggestion to contact Congressmen on Pollution Bill.
Visited Mount Vernon.

5—House changed its vote and kept Pollution Bill in budget. Victory attributed to League and Dr. Bradley's address.
Address, I.W.L.A. Convention, 35th Annual Banquet, Grand Ballroom, Mayflower Hotel.

7—Two Sermons, Peoples Church.
Sick calls.

9—Funeral.
Wedding.
Address. Forty Club. Chicago Athletic Association, Father and Sons Night.

10—Cut two records for Palm Sunday and Easter.

11—Invocation for National Association Radio and TV Broadcasters' Convention.

12—Address. Grand Haven Woman's Club, Spring Lake Club, Grand Haven, Mich.

13—Two Funerals.
Sick calls.

14—Two sermons, Peoples Church.
Wedding.

15—Opening Lenten Service, 31st year of Loop Services, Erlanger Theatre.
Funeral.

16—Noon Sermon, Erlanger Theatre.
Funeral.

17—Noon Sermon, Erlanger Theatre.
Sick calls.

18—Sermon, Erlanger Theatre.
Wedding.
Annual Maundy Thursday Communion Service, Peoples Church.

19—Good Friday Sermon, Erlanger Theatre.
Sermon, Peoples Church.

21—Easter Day. Three sermons, received new members and held Christenings.

22—Address. Renaissance Club of Chicago. Ambassador East Hotel.
Men's Club Dinner, Peoples Church.

23—Address. Borrowed Time Club. Covenant M. E. Church, Evanston.
Visited The Cradle, Evanston.
Address. Sigma Delta Chi. National Journalistic Fraternity. Symposium on Clarence Darrow.

24—Address. Annual Convention, Hotel and Restaurant Workers Union. 1200 present.
Cut record for WCFL Vespers B'cast.

25—Funeral.
Address. Constitution Room, Morrison Hotel. Testimonial Dinner to Ed. S. Miller, President of Restaurant Union.
Address, dinner to Congressman Barrett O'Hara, Casino Room, Morrison Hotel.

26—Sick calls.
Pastor's cabinet meeting, Peoples Church. All organizations represented.

27—26th Annual Shakespeare Dinner, Friends of Literature. 26th time as Master of Ceremonies.

28—Sermon. Peoples Church.
Wedding.
Vesper Service. WCFL.
Sermon, Metropolitan Community Church.
Morning service rebroadcast.

29—Address. King Korn Stamp Co. Employees' Union.
Funeral.

30—Address. American Cancer Society, Illinois Room, LaSalle Hotel.
Address, Chicago Congregational Assoc., Westchester, Illinois, Congregational Church.

FUNERALS

9—Mrs. Catherine McLellan
13—Mr. Ray A. Kelley
Mr. Walter L. Jones
15—Mr. Willard A. Sayles
16—Mrs. Marie Roberts
25—Mr. Luther Mabry
29—Mrs. Mabelle Kissinger

WEDDINGS

9—Mrs. Ann Taylor and Charles O. Lippy
14—Seiko Ogai and Shigeo Oshita
18—Mary Louise Simmons and Cecil White Reid
28—Pauline Greco and Paul C. Berger

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Mrs. Carl Swanson, Superintendent

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Morning Service Re-broadcast, WSEL, 104.3, FM, Sunday ..... 9:30 p.m.

Vespers Broadcast, WCFL, Sunday (resumed in September) ..... 5:30 p.m.

Sunday Evening Service, November to Easter ..... 7:00 p.m.

Wednesday Evening Book Lectures, November to Easter, 1st Weds. of month .... 8:00 p.m.

Woman's Club—Opening Luncheon, September .....12:00 noon

Professional and Business Woman's Club, Opening Dinner, September ..... 6:30 p.m.

Men's Club, Opening Meeting, September ..... 8:00 p.m.

The Uptown Players, J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder-Director. *In Memoriam.*

Channing Club for young adults, first and third Sundays ..... 8:00 p.m.

Choir Rehearsals—Every Sunday. New members welcomed ..... 9:30 p.m.

Ushers Club—Secretary, Harold E. Hansen, EDgewater 4-5998.

Senior Girl Scout Troop No. 97, Tuesdays at 4249 Greenview Ave. ..... 7:00 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday, Anderson Hall..... 7:00 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 860, every Thursday, Anderson Hall..... 3:30 p.m.

Brownie Scout Troop No. 630, every Thursday, Bradley Hall..... 3:30 p.m.

DR. BRADLEY'S BROADCASTING SCHEDULE

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809 Lawrence Ave. (40)
Sandra Neubauer, Treasurer
5318 N. Central Ave. (30)

SENIOR GIRL SCOUT TROOP NO. 97

Mrs. Carl Swanson, Leader
4249 N. Greenview (13)

INTERMEDIATE GIRL SCOUT TROOP NO. 187

Miss Joanne M. Plett, Leader, Apt. F-1,
911 Carmen Ave. (40)

INTERMEDIATE GIRL SCOUT TROOP NO. 860

Mrs. Kenneth Hudson, Leader
4531 N. Greenview (40)

BROWNIE SCOUT TROOP NO. 630

Mrs. Michael Krauvice, Leader
931 Lakeside Ave. (40)